South Fur Lands

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Issue 8

Down Under Caterwaulings

Issue 8

May 1997

Editorial

The conventioning period for the staff at *SFL* is finally over and we're back, hard at work, bringing out this next edition of *South Fur Lands*; and boy are we tired.

We met old friends, made new friends and acquaintances, converted new fen to furrydom, and just had a good time. I especially would like to thank Snorty and the organisers of *Conspiracy* over in New Zealand for organising one of the best conventions that Australasian furrydom has been a part of.

Both furry panels, "What is Furrydom?" and "ANZ Furrydom", were well received and *South Fur Lands* managed to sell out nearly all its back issues. Thank you to all who purchased copies and supplied us with money so we could eat while we were there.

Also at *Conspiracy* was ANZ furrydom's first ever official furry room party. A picture of the furry party flyer can be seen on this page. Videos were watched, sketches drawn, and general fun was had by all. You should get an idea of the fun by reading this issue of *SFL*.

You may have noticed that the front cover for this issue is in colour and at no extra cost. We'd like to thank Chris Cogdon for generously providing his resources and time to producing our colour cover at almost no cost to us, and at no cost to you, the reader.

We're still looking for more contributions to fill up this year's adults-only issue. Start sending in your contributions quickly and you too can see your name in print.

Next issue marks our second year of *SFL*. I hope you'll be there for it and for many more years to come.

Jason Gaffney
Publisher

Submission Deadlines
Issue 9
30th June 1997
Issue 10
30th September 1997





Our Valued Staff...

Jason Gaffney ..... Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
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Chris Cogdon ..... Colour Copying
Simon Raboczi ..... Production Support

South Fur Lands

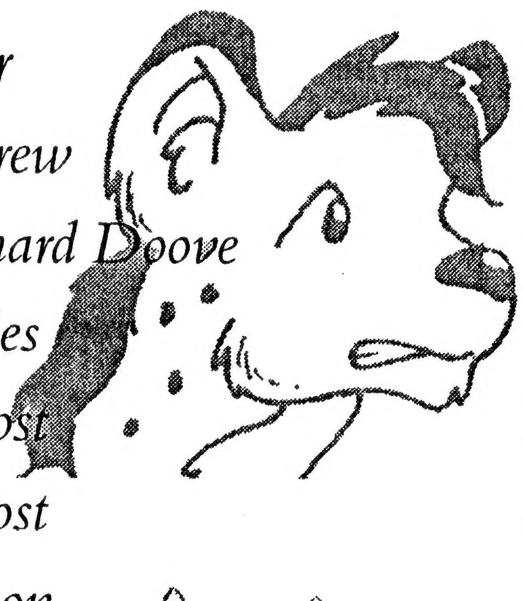
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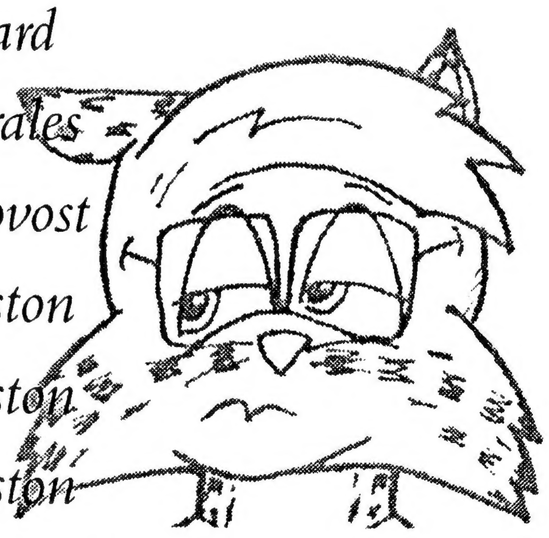
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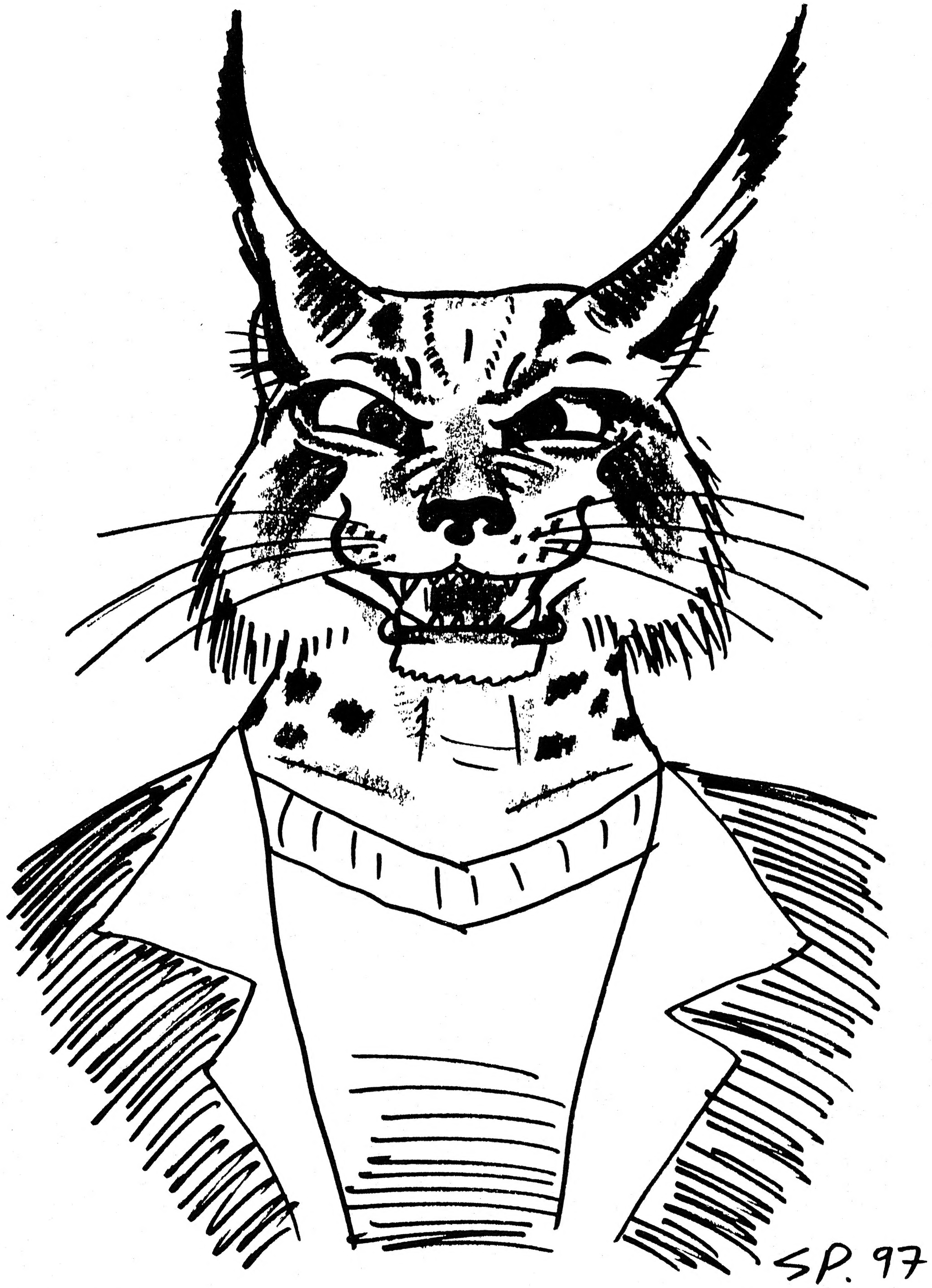






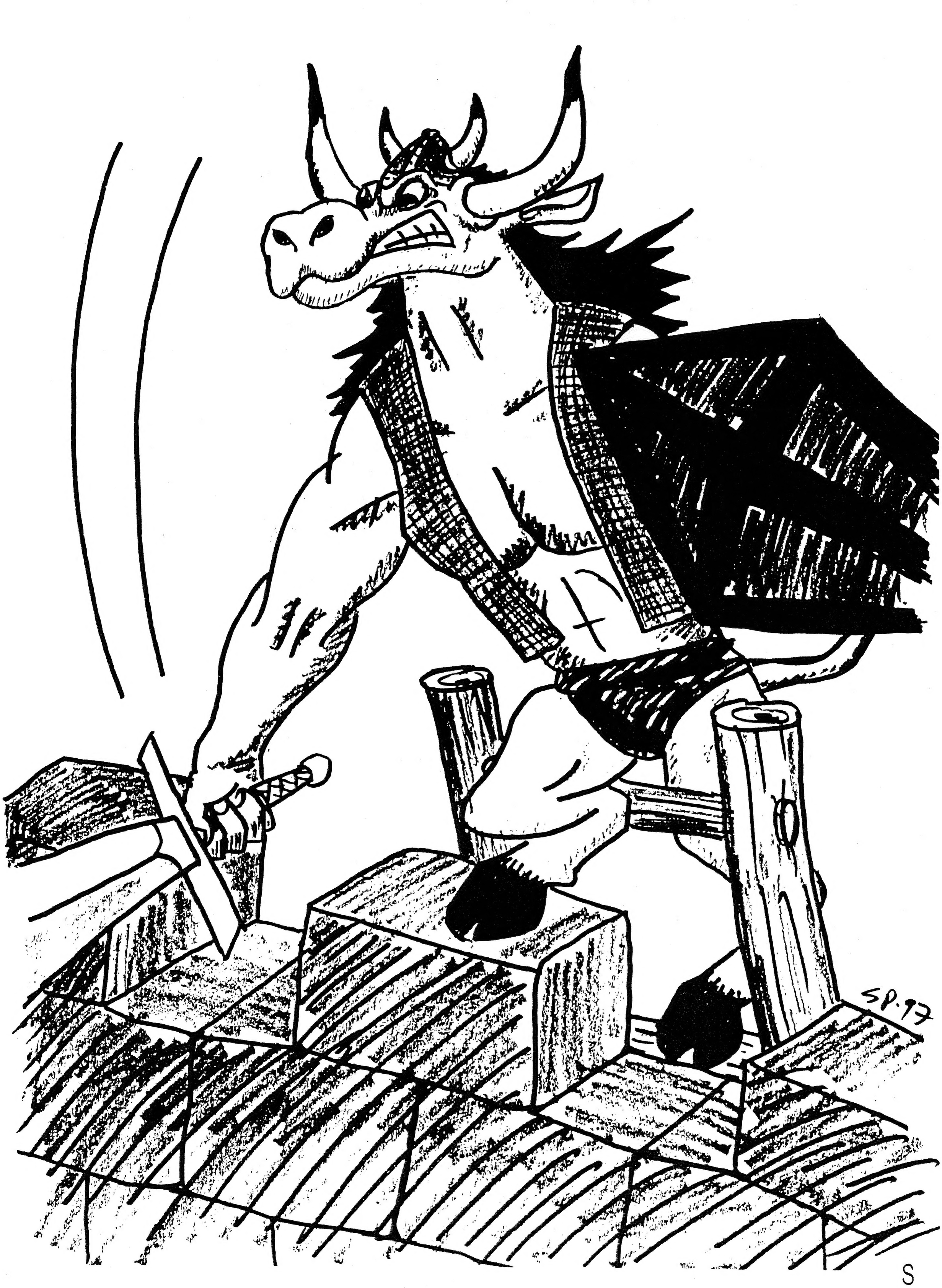
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PRINTED ON THE WEST ISLAND



WHAT'RE *YOU* LOOKIN' AT? **Scott Pollard**
An anthropomorphic lynx with attitude. Started out as something different, but those *ears* just appeared and the rest followed from there.

Scott Pollard
Vikings never really wore horned helmets into battle, but they seem compulsory in cartoons. I wondered whether an anthropomorphic bull would have to wear one even if he had his own pair of horns—it seems he does!


SP.17

HALFWAY THROUGH THE FIRST DAY OF THE CON, THE IMPACT OF THE FURRY CONTINGENT WAS FELT.



3/97

THE HOTEL'S RESTAURANT AND BAR PRICES DID NOT ENDEAR THEM TO US.



LUCKILY, HAAL'S SCAVENGING ABILITIES WERE UNIMPARED.



ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, GOLDFUR HAD TO PROVIDE REFUGE TO THE FERRET FROM A CRAZED MUSTELID-HATER.



THE FURRY PARTY! (PART ONE)



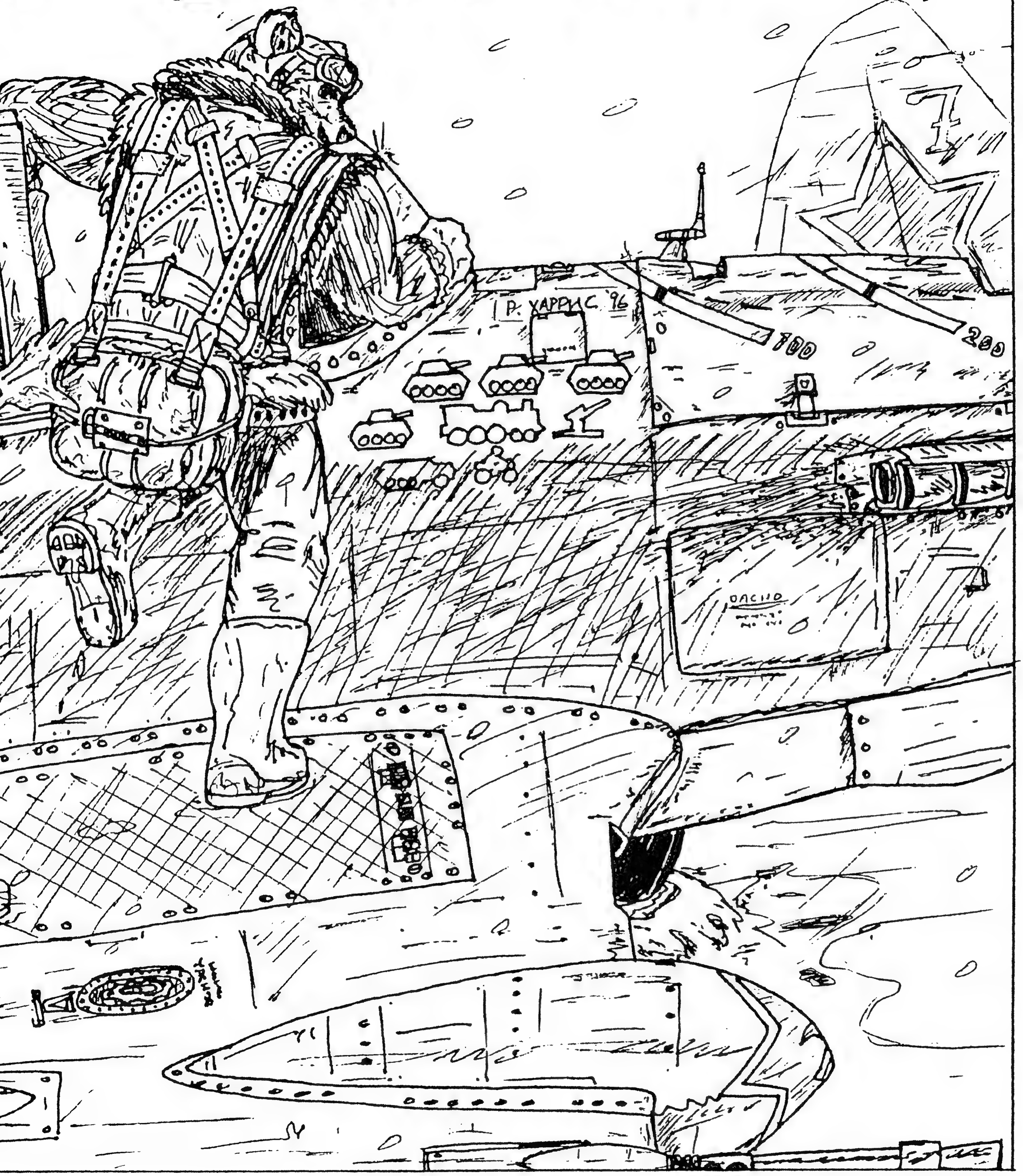
(L-R) LINDGOLD, MAYFURR, GOLDFUR, SNORTY, HAAL, SEBKHA, JACAPEH

THE UTTERLY AMAZING LINDGOLD!




3
5

Ро́дина!







The Amazing Adventures Of ASTRO WALLABY!!!

WHAM!

ZOOOOOOOOM!!!!

Damn! That was one hell of a rough hyper jump...

NAV! Where The HECK are we!?

I, uh, can't really tell, sir. The blast totally shorted out the Navicomp. If the gravity of this planet hadn't pulled us out of warp, we could be on the other side of the Galaxy by now.

BANG

Uh, Captain...

THAT ISN'T VERY FRIGGIN HELPFUL, ENSIGN!

WHAT!!

Sir, our orbit is decaying rapidly, and the primary drive system is completely destroyed. We have no choice but to try to CRASH LAND.

ZAP Sizzle POW!

Fry

Can You Tell Me Precisely Where We're Coming Down?!

UM, right about here sir, on this small Landmass near the south Magnetic Pole.

ALL HANDS PREPARE FOR...

What the Hell?!? ENSIGN! Magnify the scan of our Likely Impact Point!

Something About this Friggin Planet seems Familiar.

SNAP Crackle Pop

OH DEAR LORD... IT CAN'T BE... IT IS!!!!! THE SOUTH FUR LANDS !!!!!!!!!

OOOOH...THUMP

Captain Astro Sez...

"Look both ways before you cross the street, or else don't come crying to me you little punk!"

(Hey, a comic has to have some redeeming social qualities. I think it's a law somewhere)

Uh, Sir... Are you Alright?

Ooooo... Nooooooo... Not Again

I'M Starting to get a Bad feeling About this

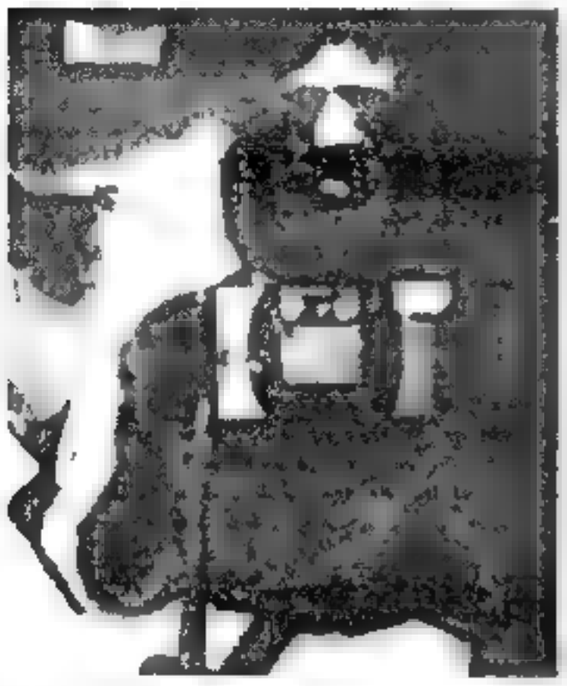
John Siemer U.S.A 1997

What Horror Awaits Astro and His Crew on the Mysterious Planet Below???

Heck, I don't know. I just wrote this to get a free magazine! J.S.

Conspiracy: The Photo Journal

Photos by Terry Knight, Marko Laine and Bernard Doove
Captions by Jason Gaffney (with a little help from Marko)





(ABOVE) Dyler gets his camera ready for all the action at *Conspiracy*

(RIGHT) X marks the spot of Brett "Snorty" Tamahori's impact on the Con.

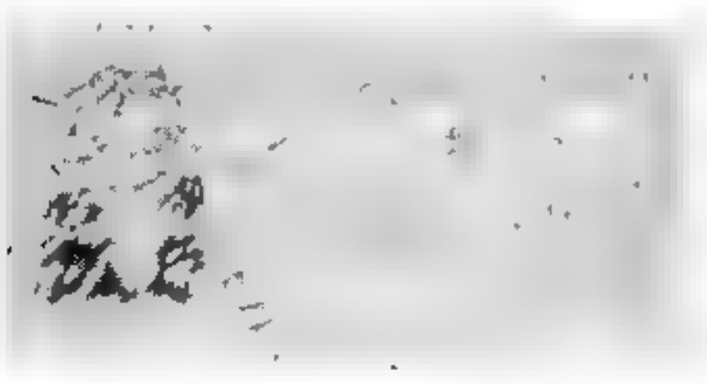


(ABOVE) Everybody gathers round in the furry room to sample what furrydom has to offer

(RIGHT) Ambassador Ferret, with the help of Bernard "Chakat" Doove, enjoying his role as spokesferret for ANZ furrydom

(BELOW) Just in case you can't find the furry room our helpful guide can show you the way







(LEFT) Ambassador Ferret gets plenty of attention from Grant "Lindgold" Preston.

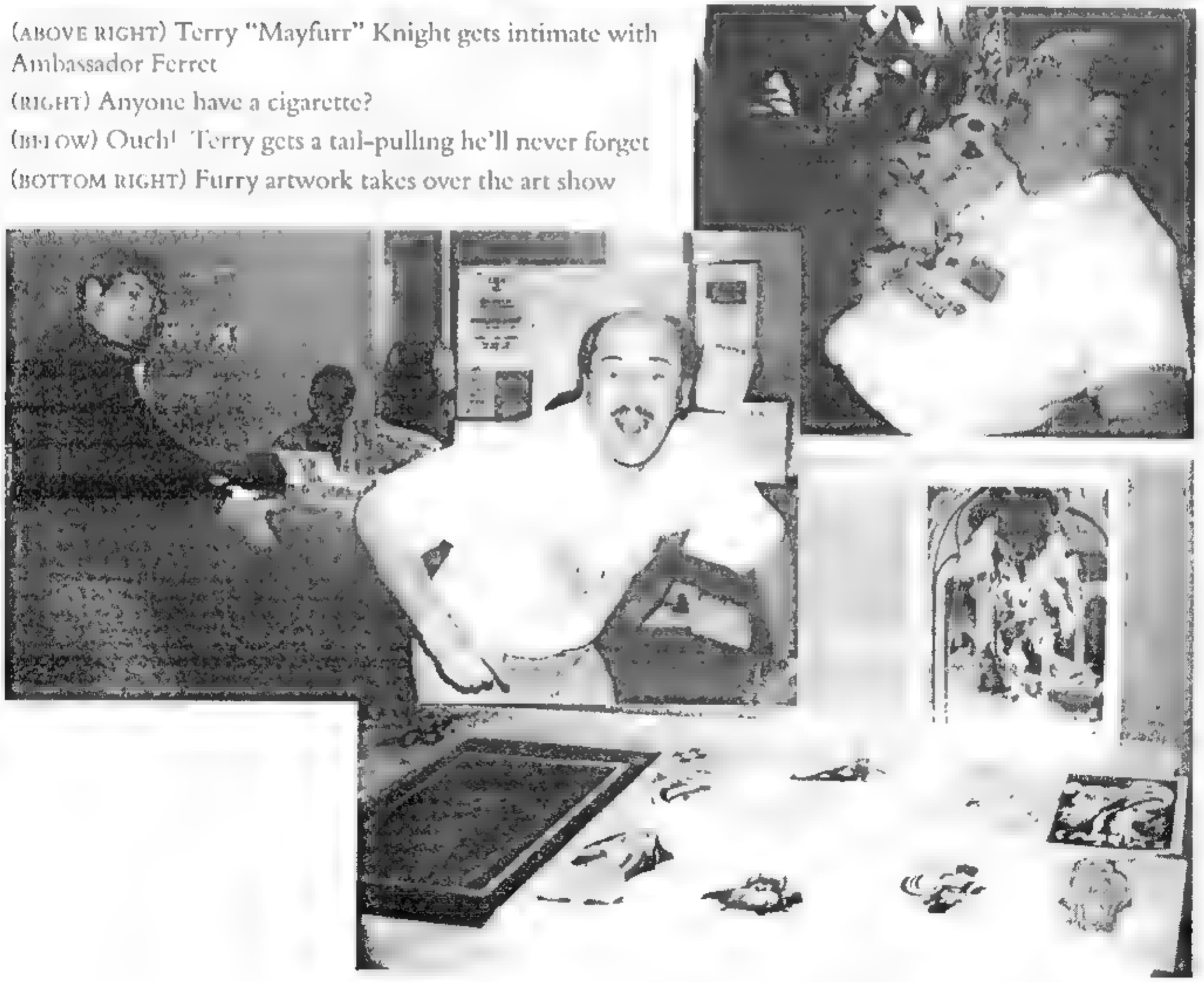
(BELOW LEFT) Unfortunately Ambassador Ferret makes a new enemy who would haunt him for the entire Con

(ABOVE RIGHT) Terry "Mayfurr" Knight gets intimate with Ambassador Ferret

(RIGHT) Anyone have a cigarette?

(BELOW) Ouch! Terry gets a tail-pulling he'll never forget

(BOTTOM RIGHT) Furry artwork takes over the art show

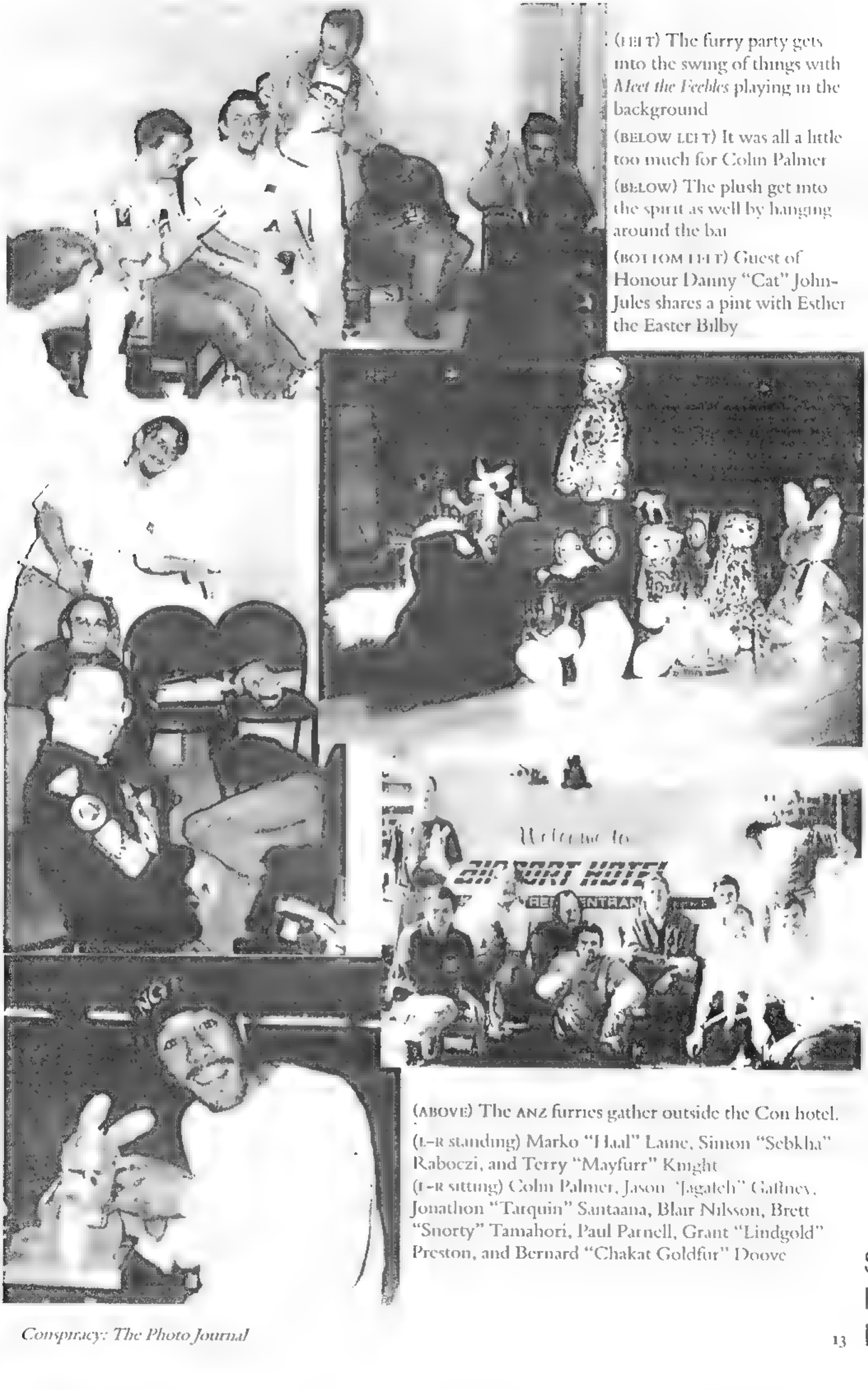


(LEFT) The furry party gets into the swing of things with *Meet the Feebles* playing in the background

(BELOW LEFT) It was all a little too much for Colin Palmer

(BELOW) The plush get into the spirit as well by hanging around the bar

(BOTTOM LEFT) Guest of Honour Danny "Cat" John-Jules shares a pint with Esther the Easter Bilby



(ABOVE) The ANZ furries gather outside the Con hotel.

(L–R standing) Marko "Haal" Lane, Simon "Sebkha" Raboczi, and Terry "Mayfurr" Knight
(L–R sitting) Colm Palmer, Jason "Jagatch" Gaffney, Jonathon "Tarquin" Santaana, Blair Nilsson, Brett "Snorty" Tamahori, Paul Parnell, Grant "Lindgold" Preston, and Bernard "Chakat Goldfur" Doove

TRYING TO FIT IN

CHAPTER 1

by Will A. Sanborn
illustrated by Bernard Doove



B. Doove
© 4/97 "SPARRING"

David Sanders had known it was going to be a bad day, not too much different from the others he'd been having lately, and so far his predictions were coming true. Of course coming to a new school mid-term was never easy. To make matters infinitely-more worse there was also the fact that this school happened to be located on Rramatharr, more than sixty light years away from Earth.

Damn it, why did his father have to get sent here on business? The position was just about permanent, lasting a couple of years at least, so he'd uprooted the family and dragged David and his mother along with him. Of course he should have been overwhelmed with excitement over the possibilities this new world offered, but to David, with the mindset of a typical fifteen-year-old, it seemed to offer little more than turmoil and the upheaval of his life.

He'd had some really good friends back on Earth, and now after only a couple of weeks that was all gone. It seemed longer than that too, and thinking of the unimaginable distances they'd traveled from home, he felt more lost than ever. Perhaps in time he could learn to like it here, but it hardly seemed like that at the moment.

It wasn't just losing his friends either that was so hard on him, though that was a big part of it. It was the huge change before him, the differences he'd been forced to deal with. Maybe he could've been expected to make new friends going to a new school back on Earth, but here he was just one of the small minority of humans. All around him were rrakith, and he felt lost and alone amongst the strange, alien felines.

It wasn't that the rrakith weren't interested in getting to know him, the new human in town, it was quite the opposite in fact. Humans were still a curiosity to this world and he didn't like being the subject of that curiosity. Walking amidst the lion's den, he got the distinct impression of what being a mouse must feel like, watching those feline eyes studying him.

He sighed again as he walked down the hall, heading towards the bathroom after the first class of the day. It had been a little over a week since he'd come here and he hadn't managed to make any real friends yet. That was partly his own fault though, as he'd tried to avoid most of the attention and had been keeping pretty much to himself. He had run into a few of the other humans several times and they were a welcome sight, helping him feel a little less alone, but they'd all been here longer than he had, and had settled in. They were always busy with a group of their rrakith friends, and those situations were usually strange and a bit overwhelming.

As he came to the bathroom, he felt another little pang of apprehension. He still wasn't used to sharing the facilities with the rrakith and the occasional human female classmate. Opening the door he let out his breath; he was lucky and the bathroom was empty. At least that's what he'd thought, but no sooner had he shut the door than one of the stalls opened and a rrakith came walking out to meet him.

Seeing him there, she happily greeted him with an, "Oh, hello David, good morning," a faint purr noticeable in her voice.

His body jerking slightly in surprise, he searched his memory, trying to remember the name of the student who stood before him. He did recognise her, at least sort-of, but being the newest attraction in the school, he was at the disadvantage of having a lot more people know his names than he knew theirs. It was also a little difficult to recognise specific features of rrakith individuals, as he still wasn't very used to them yet.

"Uh, hello" he mumbled awkwardly, still trying to place a name with the feline face before him.

She sensed he was at a loss for the situation, and was quick to inform him. "It's me, Ssamara, Ssamara Pak Rrasseth. You know, we've talked before..."

"Yeah, it's just hard remembering names, Ssamara..." She couldn't have known just how hard it was. She only had to recognise a small minority of humans, which stood out in the crowd, while he was stuck trying to figure out who everyone in this whole alien school was.

He also didn't exactly care much for holding a conversation there in the bathroom, so he started edging his way towards one of the stalls.

She noticed him trying to get away and her lips curled in a slight smirk. "Why is it that you humans seem so itchy in the washroom anyway, David?" she asked as a slight chuckle rumbled in her throat, and her ears twitched in amusement.

Feeling the blood rush to his cheeks he stammered out his reply. "I don't know, we just like our privacy I guess..."

"Don't be silly, you're not afraid we're going to peek are you?" she asked, and her amusement was more audible.

Flustered, he retreated into the protection of the bathroom stall, latching the door against her inquisition. She waited a few moments more, then finally left, but not before one final remark. "Oh well, I'll see you later David..." her voice still bubbled with traces of feline laughter as she said it.

He watched her leave, seeing her feet depart his field of view showing from beneath the door. Sitting down he let his breathing return to normal. Of course he told himself that he was being foolish, but it didn't help change the way he felt. He'd always been a little uncomfortable with public restrooms in general, especially small, crowded ones, and that coupled with the alien nature of the rrakith made things much worse.

Ssamara's smug attitude hadn't helped the situation either. She didn't seem to understand his feeling uncomfortable with all these new situations, or his wish for privacy either. Even as he thought about it, thinking of her as a "she" was another twist to the situation. He didn't quite know what to make of the rrakith, and given their outward feminine appearance, it always made him feel like he was invading the women's bathroom. Knowing that they were more than they appeared didn't help things at all either.

★★★

His next class was Life Sciences. Normally he would have really enjoyed it, for he was very interested in the sciences when he was going to school on Earth. However, the subject he'd found them going over when he'd arrived was reproductive systems, both in all animals in general and the Rrakith in specific. He was still an inquisitive and bright individual, but being immersed in the current situation took away a lot of his curiosity, at least temporarily.

They'd covered a couple of their "peculiar" single-sexed animals a few days ago and that had been particularly difficult for him. The teacher had noticed his discomfort and had avoided on calling him that day. Perhaps she too had been uncomfortable, thinking of the strange way humans were made up. David figured that most of the students probably didn't really know all that much about human anatomy, but that subject could very likely be on the class syllabus, and he was worried because of it.

The lessons had been getting more into the specifics of the rrakith systems the past couple of days and he dreaded the time when the teacher decided to contrast the lecture by looking closely at how humans functioned. He already felt different enough, he didn't need it highlighted for him and the rest of the classroom. He'd chosen his usual seat in the back corner of the room, and as the teacher went on, pointing out various parts of the anatomical charts, he did his best to be invisible.

★★★

The rest of the morning progressed a little better, at least as well as could be expected. There was math, which was interesting, but trying to deal with an octal numbering system was just one more obstacle he had to deal with. He had his pocket computer to aid him of course, and it did a lot more than just help out with number conversions. It functioned as his translator as well, sending signals to the small receivers, invisible and unobtrusive, which were implanted just beneath the skin of his forehead.

That was standard practice for humans emigrating to Rramatharr, or anyone who needed to deal with the Rrakith on a regular basis and wanted a more-permanent solution than the headbands required by the short-term-use translators. He'd gotten a crash-course induction with using the equipment during the trip there and for a few days once they'd arrived. It was still strange having his tongue form words in that alien language while his ears still told him he was speaking English. Of all the changes though, that was perhaps the easiest one to get used to. It became sort of a predictable effect, at least more predictable than interacting with the rrakith.

In time he would learn to speak their language fluently, and would no longer need the technology to do so for him, but that was still a good while away. The translator was very unobtrusive though, and could operate at distances up to a couple of hundred feet away. This made it possible for him to set it down if he was involved in physical activities or sports of some kind, and there was little worry of him forgetting it.

Since it was so important to him it was unlikely he would walk off without it. Even if he did leave it somewhere, when its signal got too weak, a small reminder, appearing to him as an internal audible notice, would alert him of that fact. He'd only done that once or twice, aboard the starship which had brought him there, just after he'd gotten the unit. After getting over the surprise of the soft alarm going off inside his head, he'd disciplined himself not to let that happen again.

Now it had become just another part of his complicated life, and he was very thankful for it. Without it things would have been pretty much impossible. However, while it helped him learn the written word as well as the spoken language, it was still not perfect. For example, it didn't help him when he was trying to write the letters of their alphabet, trying to force his fingers to learn those new strokes. The grammatical structure of Gardokka, their universal language, was much different from English as well. The translator could take care of that almost seamlessly when he was speaking it, but trying to write it he could still run into problems, especially when analysing sentence structure.

Dealing with the new grammar was the most difficult part when he was in the rrakith equivalent of English class. Not only did they learn about the various rules of the language, which reminded him of the differences in structure between it and his native tongue, but they studied rrakith literature as well. Reading out plainly-written text in a math or science book was one thing, but trying to analyse different aesthetic styles for various forms of alien prose and poetry was something entirely different. It was a lot for him to take on in such a short period of time, but that was figured the best way for new human students to go about it. The teachers were all very helpful, but sometimes the extra attention made him uncomfortable.

★★★

Lunch was more than slightly overwhelming to him, as usual. Surveying the busy cafeteria he looked through the sea of furry bodies to find the odd human or two. Scanning the room, feeling as foolish as he thought he must look to the crowd, he finally saw someone he recognised. Walking up to the table with his lunch in hand, he greeted the other human who was sitting alone, for the moment at least.

"Uh, hi Chris, can I have lunch with you?"

Turning to look at him, the other teenager smiled in recognition. "Oh sure David, that's cool. The rest of the group will be here in minute or so."

David swallowed nervously, if only slightly, but he was committed to it now. At least Chris was a brother in this situation, a fellow human living way out here. He didn't work well in big groups of new people, but he didn't want to eat alone either. Besides, sooner or later he was going to get to know people here and make some friends, at least he hoped so.

"So, how are things going?" Chris asked him as he sat down.

"Alright, I guess... It's still a lot to try and take in, you know."

Chris smiled at that. "Yeah, I know. It's tough at first... but things do get easier for you... Where'd you say you were from again, New York?"

As David nodded in response, Chris continued. "This is a pretty big change for you then... I mean the layout of the cities here. There's a lot more space here than what we're used to. I like it."

"That's true, it's more open than back home, which is nice I guess... It's just so different..."

"Yeah... I know. It was the same way for me, David..." Pausing, he turned his attention behind them to the three rrakith who'd just exited the food line and were looking around the room.

"Hey guys, over here" he yelled out, waving his hands to grab their attention. David turned to watch them approach the table, their lunch trays in hand, and he felt a little nervous once again. At least it wasn't too big of a group.

As they sat down to join their human friend and the newcomer, Chris made with the quick introductions. "Hi guys, this is David, I'm sure you've seen him around, he's new here. David, this is Jeska, Panden, and Sevanni" he said, pointing to the three rrakith in turn.

As he struggled to fix the names to their faces, David tried to see if he recognised them. One, maybe two of them looked a little familiar, or at least he thought so; damn it was hard to be sure. "Hi," he spurted out, "nice to meet you..." nodding quickly at them.

Panden and Sevanni smirked at the strange, human mannerism he used, but then Jeska tilted her head off to the side quickly in the rrakith show of affirmative and smiled at him. Even though the display was genuine, it was still more than a bit strange to see a humanoid kitty smiling back at him.

"Hello David," she purred, "how do you like it here on Rramatharr? How different is it from Earth? What's it like there anyway?" As the questions poured out of her, she flicked her ears in excitement, happy to interview another new arrival.

"Ummm, it's good here," he fumbled for his response. "It seems pretty nice, there's just a lot to take in." Pausing, he blinked at her, "Uh, I don't know what to say about Earth... It's Earth. What did you want to know?"

Of course that was the wrong response, for Jeska let loose another string of questions on him. "Well what's it all like? How are the cities, what are the schools like, what do you do for fun there? Where are you from anyway?"

Chris chuckled as he saw David's eyes go wider, and interrupted her with, "It's okay David, you'll get used to it. People can just get a little anxious here, isn't that right, Jeska?" As he finished, he playfully batted one of her hands. She smiled and returned the gesture, lightly swatting back at him. Panden, and Sevanni chuckled at that.

"Yes, you're right," she answered, then turning back to the other human she finished "I'm sorry David, I didn't mean to fluster you."

"It is pretty exciting though," Panden added, "I mean you being able to go all the way across the galaxy like that..."

"Hmmm, yeah I guess so," David heard himself answer. Before he knew it he was caught up in the discussion on space travel and exploration and the wonders of the new age.

He didn't talk too much during the rest of lunch, as the discussion between the four friends pretty much took on a life of its own. It was a bit overwhelming, and it still felt uncomfortable, but it was also good to be able talk with someone. Even if he still felt like an outsider, at least he'd made a little progress and had some familiarity with a few people.

* * *

After lunch came gym, and like so many other things there, he had mixed feelings about it. It was good to exercise to help take his mind of things, but it wasn't always easy to totally forget his surroundings. That was especially true when the physical activities they did were similar to things he was used to, but with their own alien differences to them. Some of the games were quite different too, if not downright new, but a lot of the novel experiences were enjoyable and he was pretty good at many of them.

However, seeing the rrakith students working out in the class could be very distracting at times. They could move with graceful motions not unlike those of cats, and that, coupled with their feline appearance, only served as a reminder of how truly alien they were. The fluid motion of their bodies, joined with the swaying, curling twitches of their tails was almost hypnotic at times. When he was sitting out of the games, he had to keep himself from staring too much.

One rrakith had caught him looking at her once as his eyes wandered around. She'd acknowledged his attentions, much to his embarrassment, with a smirk and slight tilt of her head in his direction. He'd felt his face warm as he blushed in response. That was another thing which was more apparent during gym class: the fact that despite their dual genders, overall the rrakith had a generally feminine appearance. With everyone wearing the short-sleeved shirt and shorts required for physical education, it was damn-near impossible to miss. He'd also caught the odd rrakith or two looking his way now and then, as if he needed more help at feeling self conscious.

At least he didn't have to change with the rest of the students. As more humans arrived, slowly trickling into the school system, the teachers had become understanding of the differences and concerns of the new students. Humanity was only a minuscule minority here though, so it was easy for special accommodations to be arranged. Keshi, the teacher in charge of the class, let David change in her office. He was the only human in this class, so he had it all to himself. Of course there wasn't a shower for him to use after the workout, but he was content to just towel dry, happy with the tradeoff in return for privacy.

Today they were continuing their study of Jekkarra, a rrakith form of martial arts. Jekkarra was similar in some ways to the various terran martial arts, at least in some broad resemblances. David had taken some Karate classes, so he could recognise some of the similarities, but the rrakith had their own styles and forms. The most striking difference was that Jekkarra focused more on swiping movements with the hands and feet, rather than the more direct blows he was used to.

Watching rrakith involved in a demonstration of the sport, their feline attributes were even more pronounced. Luckily they wore padded gloves on their hands and short, heavy socks on their feet to keep their claws from doing any harm. These activities were not very intense, at least at this level of training. A simple point-scoring method was used to count for hits and determine the winner. David was glad for that. Even with his familiarity with martial arts, the new moves were different for him and he was still trying to learn them. He was better off than someone else in his shoes might have been, but the class had been learning the sport for quite some time now. They'd go over the moves a few times a week, alternating between that and some other form of exercise, keeping the students interested with the diversity of activities.

He was doing his best to try and catch up with the other students, but playing catch-up in all of his classes was becoming tiring. He was also resigned to the fact that it would most likely get worse before it got better. He could try and hold his own during these practices, but he was still at a disadvantage to the rest of the students. So of course he was less than thrilled when Keshi called him up

on the mat for the first round.

"Come on David," she said, smiling at him, doing her best to motivate the new student. She tried not to make him feel too awkward, but perhaps she was trying too hard. "You're doing really well at this. You're a quick learner."

As he forced a smile and walked up to stand beside her, she looked over the rest of the class to choose his opponent. "Okay, Ssamara why don't you pair off against David?"

As he heard the name of his opponent, and saw the familiar rrakith walking towards him, David remembered running into her in the bathroom that morning. He also realised how foolish he must have looked. At least he didn't blush too much, at least he hoped so; if he did, nobody made note of it.

Ssamara smiled at him. "Hey David, this should be fun."

They took opposite corners on the mat, and after Keshi moved away she signaled them to begin with a motion from her hand. At first it was very similar to the practice matches David was used to, but once again he was quickly reminded in the differences to this sport. They moved by each other a couple of times, passing just out of reach to gauge their opponents, and then Ssamara swiped at him. He tried to block her hand, but the move didn't quite work, and she scored a point on him by dragging her gloved hand down his arm. Keshi yelled out the point and they paused; after each of them took a step back, they continued.

David tried a swipe at Ssamara, but he was still confused over the new form and it failed to connect. He was close, but she managed to deflect his hand. He did successfully block her next move, but she caught him off guard with the following one. Distracting him with a fake kick, she connected her hand across his belly. "Three points," Keshi sounded out. The scoring was based on the location where you struck your opponent, and the severity of the wound it would have caused. For this match they'd only be going to eight points, and Ssamara was already halfway there.

They separated once more and began again. "Come on David, you're making it too easy for me," Ssamara teased. Once again she flashed him a smug little smirk, and her ears flickered slightly, her whiskers twitching. Huffing, he made a swipe at her and that time he got lucky. She'd dodged his move, but not quickly enough, and he managed to connect with her upper arm. It was only worth a point, but at least it was a start.

"You can do better than that, can't you?" she chuckled.

"Ssamara, that's enough," came Keshi's calm but stern voice from the sidelines.

The younger rrakith tilted her head in recognition and purred innocently. "I was just kidding..."

It still hurt though, if only a little. It might have been playful ribbing to one of her friends, but he was too much of an outsider to feel comfortable with it. He felt tired of it all. Looking back at her a flash of inspiration hit him and he went with it. Ssamara was coming at him again, another swipe with her hand, and he reached out, not to try and block her, but to grab her wrist. Doing so he watched her expression go to one of surprise as he deftly positioned his foot behind hers. Giving her arm a calculated tug, he toppled her to the mat.

It was an illegal move of course, something from his Karate training that wasn't a part of this sport. Ssamara wasn't hurt, it hadn't been a very hard trip, but she was definitely surprised. It had also worked to knock some of the wind out of her sails, and the confident smile had vanished from her face. Keshi was surprised too, and it was hard to tell if she was more amused, impressed or upset with him. He still wasn't all that good at deciphering rrakith body language, beyond the simple displays of emotion that is.

Seeing that Ssamara wasn't hurt, just a little embarrassed, Keshi simply called out her ruling. "That's an illegal move David, two penalty points." The look she gave him suggested she was impressed to some degree with his surprise performance though. As he quickly glanced at the other students, they too showed some awe for the trick he'd just demonstrated.

"Okay you two, let's get back into the match. Ssamara you've got six points and David you have one. Back to your corners and we'll start from there again."

As he was walking away from her, Ssamara caught David off guard, grabbing his leg and pulling quickly as he stepped forward. It wasn't the most skillful of moves, but it was sufficient to land him on the mat near her. With lightning-quick reflexes she was on top of him, much to the general approval of their classmates. As David struggled to fend her off, several laughs erupted from the onlookers.

"Try and trick me will you? Hehh, that's a good one David, but I can play along just as well." Ssamara was getting back into the spirit of things and David had to work to keep her from pinning his arms to the mat. He'd just about succeeded in getting the upper hand and rolling her off of him, when Keshi's authoritative voice broke things up.

"Alright, that's enough of that. We're here to learn Jekkarra, not to roll around on the floor like a couple of cubs." Even with the stern tones to her voice, there could have been a hint of a chuckle in there. Disruptive or not, the human certainly did liven things up in the class. "You two go sit down in back and calm down..."

Keshi soon had order restored to the classroom and got the other students quieted down. A few rrakith still stole glances back at Ssamara and David as they sat in the back of the room though, smiles lingering on the muzzles of their classmates as they regarded the two of them.

David sat and watched as two other students began a new match. His face felt hot and he chided himself for acting foolish. Definitely not the best way to make an impression at the new school, and he certainly didn't need anything more to bring attention to himself. It had felt kind of good though, burning up some of the nervous energy buzzing through him.

Muddling over his thoughts, he jerked slightly when he felt the hand touch his shoulder. He turned his head to look behind him and saw Ssamara crouching there. She had been sitting a ways from him, but had crept closer while Keshi's attention was focused elsewhere.

David just looked at her, and then at the hand on his shoulder. She read the awkward expression on his face and slowly withdrew her simple touch, her ears drooping slightly.

"Ssamara?" he questioned softly, his voice pausing.

"Uh David, I'm sorry" she spoke, then hesitated as well. "I shouldn't have gotten out of hand like that..."

"No, I shouldn't have flipped you in the first place, it was against the rules... Damn it, I feel so stupid."

There was another awkward little silence between them, which she broke with a slight chuckle. "It was a good move though, even if it was illegal. Where did you learn that?"

That surprised him, but he was a little pleased for it. "Back home, we have sports similar to Jekkarra. Well the moves are pretty different, but the basic idea is the same. I've studied some in that..."

"Really? It's pretty interesting how some things could be so similar on our worlds yet be so different... It was a clever idea, what you did. Perhaps you could show me more of that style sometime?"

"Perhaps..." he replied and for the first time that day he felt the beginnings of a smile which didn't need to be forced.

Kangaroo Court

...contined from page 32

and I'm now beginning to get some articles published in there as well. I've helped proofread and even edit a few comics and I'm currently working on a series of short, unrelated scripts for Queenslander small press artist Ryan Veila. I was recently a guest speaker at a series of seminars about comics held at one of the libraries at the University of Melbourne, where they paid me real money to talk about comics! I'm an incurable letter hack and I write to lotsa people in the Oz comics community—I wrote about eight letters in the last week alone. Most of them are really long (I like writing to these comic people, but I've never been comfortable seeing my letters printed in their comics so I write them *real* long to put them off!) and really *weird*.

Hmmm... to tell the truth, I've never thought of myself as a furry fan at all, and I only bought those three issues of *SFL* out of curiosity (don't complain—one of furrydom's greatest assets is its curious nature!). Then I read Craig Hilton's "Insider's View" articles and it just clicked. I can remember the exact spot—issue three, page five, column two. Craig mentioned *Xanadu* and I went "gotta send these guys more money." I love that series. I'd only just discovered it earlier this year when I walked into a second hand bookshop in Daylesford (country Victoria) and found four of the five issues waiting for me amongst the usual Marvel trash. Searched all the comic shops for that missing issue but never did find it. Started pawing the ground like a bull when I heard about *The Ever Changing Palace*. More info please! More info on Vicky Wyman too, if you've got it. Please!

Those entire articles by Craig were great (even if they never mentioned my personal favourite anthropomorphic artist once: Carl Barks. What has the attitude of furry fandom been to Barks? His duck strips were often comedic or frivolous, but he also did serious anthropomorphic strips decades before Gallacci's *Albedo*. They just got hidden under the tidal wave of other crap put out by the Disney studios). Reading all about furry fandom as he described it had me thinking "I want in on this." Then I thought "Ah, it'll have blown over by morning," but it didn't, so here's the letter and the money. Craig's article on *The Lion King* was great too (I'm a big Osamu Tezuka fan so I never saw *TLK* out of protest against Disney. Anyone got copies of Kimba? Junguru Taitei forever!), as has been his art. Buttenshaw is good too, and if Freckelton hasn't started putting out his own comic yet I'm gonna hunt him down and chain him to his drawing board.

Ooookay... that's about it for now. Over 1,000 words—way too much for most letters pages! Heh heh heh. (Although I have sent slightly longer letters in to *Greener Pastures* and had them printed. Those guys don't write back, so those letters were written expressly for their letters pages. I've sent money to you guys, however, so I *do* expect something back!) See you at the next *OzCon*, and I'll write back *well* before then too.

Scott Pollard

Let ourselves be outdone by Greener Pastures*? I don't think so.*

—MML

I've been taking comics from my huge unread pile and reading them instead of finishing my magazine, which I need to do tonight. I couldn't manage a written letter at this point, but I can do a quick e-LoC on the three *SFL*s I've recently read.

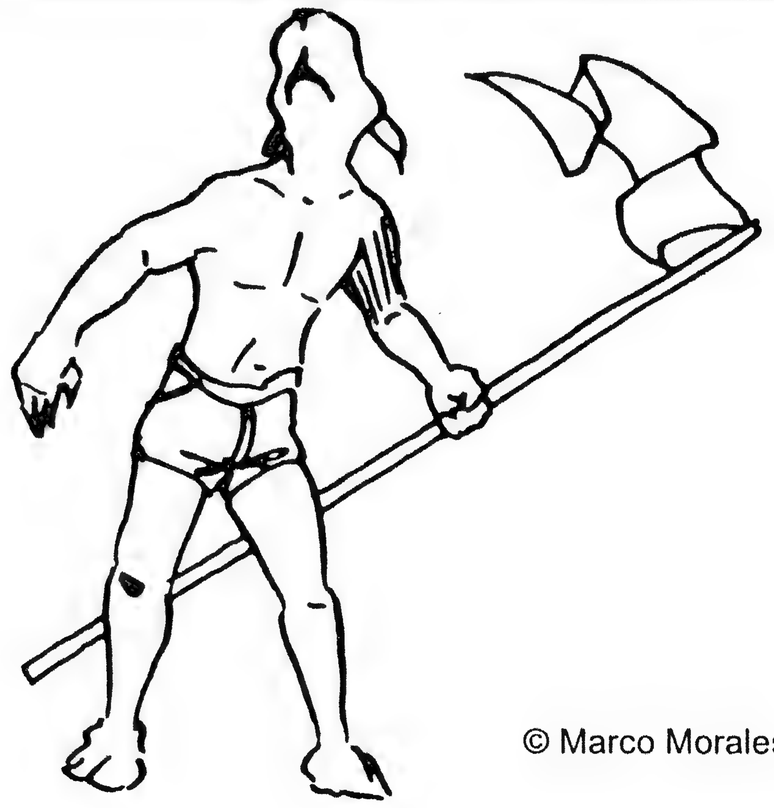
Amy Pronovost is consistently fun; very nice violence for the *S&V*, and a good story of her travails in #4. Craig Hilton too—I liked his Con report, and his "Always a Fanboy" is the best text piece in all three issues—in fact, I'm writing this note because I had to applaud it. One of the best furry filks I've seen. *Weird Stress Kittens* is the third one I like in every issue.

Other pieces that struck me: Ogden cover, Ignacio panthermorph, Freckelton mirrorshades in #5; Gaffney pieces in *S&V*. The sex stuff for the most part was neither arousing nor pretty, but "Come Here, Lover" wasn't bad use of solid blacks and "Slumber Party" was nice.

Least favourite stuff: the stories. Much easier to glance over an amateurish drawing than glance through an amateurish story.

Always carry a grapefruit,

Treesong



© Marco Morales



'AMBUSH'



SCOUTING PARTY

Amy Pronovost

A nice simple picture as an experiment in contrast—and the Hyena is cool.

SFL



THE GIRL NEXT DOOR **Travis Sampson**

This started as a trial fox's face, that turned out better than I expected. So I decided to finish it, this is the result. The girl next door is always a look that I liked, so I thought I'd try it. And I am quite pleased with the result.


Summer Music Festival
Chakat Folksinger
©7/96 B Doore



Hey! MayFurr!
B Doove
© 3/97
Character © Terry Knight



"JOINING THE CHORUS" © 199



 B. Doove

Rrakith created by Will Sanborn and Bernard Doove.

Shopping Made Simple

by Scott Pollard

John looked up from his paper as a customer came through the door, the bell ringing to announce her presence.

"Yes, can I help you?" he asked pleasantly.

"I'd like a pair of jeans for my husband please," she said, lisping slightly as mice often do. John had just been reading an article about dentists shortening the incisors on vain rodents to improve their pronunciation, and he couldn't help glancing at this customer's teeth to see if there were any signs of recent dental work.

"Certainly! I'll just have to ask you a few questions, then we'll see what we have in stock." John grabbed a pencil and a form from below the counter. Her mouth looked fine, but you never could tell. Unlike those poor deluded deer that thought that no-one would know that they'd been to the Antler Club for Men. You could always pick *them* out of a crowd!

"First question: digitigrade or plantigrade?"

"Oh, I can never remember which of these is which. Four knees?"

"Aha, digitigrade," John said as he ticked off the relevant box on the form. "Biped or centaur-form?" he asked.

"Oh, biped."

"Any spurs or dewclaws on his heels?"

"No."

"Tailed?"

"Yes."

"Is that a bushy or short furred tail?"

"Short furred."

"What size?"

"I think Bill takes a size four tail. His last jeans were a size three and I had to get them let out."

"Okay. Does he have any long fur or hair on his legs? Any knobbly scales or spines?"

"No, just short fur."

"Well, that makes it a lot easier!" A porcupine had come in last week with short spines down half her legs, and had torn up a pair of jeans when she insisted on trying on a size 10 when she was obviously a size 12. "What size jeans does your husband take?"

"Well, his shank and hock are size 12, but his thigh is size 14. He's always had very long legs."

"No problem, no problem... we'll give you a size 14 regular," he said, ticking off several more boxes. "They make them long anyway, so they should fit him about right. Bring them right back if they don't and we'll order something else in. Is that a size 14 in the mouse, dog, deer or elephant range?"

"Deer. He tells everyone that he's a size 14 dog, but he's a deer-range alright."

"Okay, that seems to be about it," John said, filling out the last box on the form. "You want a pair of size 14 regular deer-range biped digitigrade jeans with a size 4 short-furred tail. I'll just check what we have in stock..." John went and rummaged around in the back of the shop, returning soon with several pairs of jeans draped across his arms.

"Okay, we've got blue jeans with a zip-up fly and button-up tail, the same with embroidered pockets, black jeans with zip and buttons, black with zip and zip, and white with zip and zip."

"Would you have white with zip and button? Bill always catches his fur on the zip-up tails."

"Ha ha, yeah, I know how *that* feels. I'm sorry, but we don't have the size 14 regular etcetera in the white with a size 4 button-up tail. We can take in the tail for you on another pair—could you come back in about two hours?"

"Oh yes, I think so," the woman said, thinking. "I'm just about to go and get measured for shoes, so I should be finished right about then!"




OKAY, OKAY... I'LL ADMIT I LIKE THE SHOW... BUT THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN GET ME INTO THIS SAILOR SUIT!
HHHHHHHHHHH SHE IS THE ONE! NAMED SAILOR MOON!
24
-A.PRO'97-

SFL



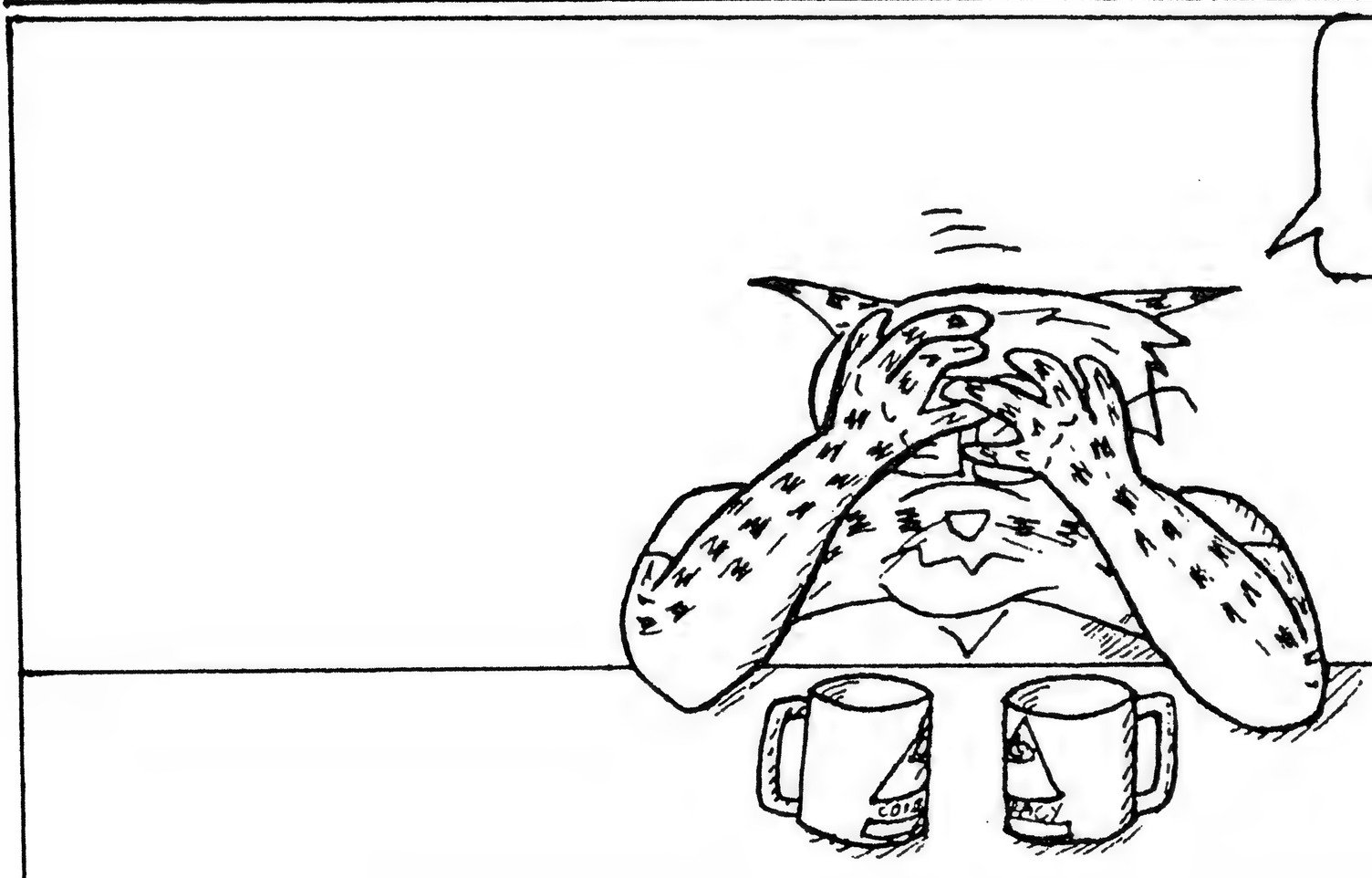
SNORTY MAKES AN IMPACT AT CONSPIRACY **Grant Preston**

—Literally. Snorty is going to be warned to keep away from large windows from now on.



*I WAS THE EDITOR





"THREE?!?"

©SP '97

"BRIEF ENCOUNTER"

MMM... PERFECT ON A DAY LIKE THIS...

!

ICE CREAM! YUM!

WHSSS

GIMME! GNAR! GNAR! GNAR!

SHARK-LIKE LEAP!

GRAB!

GET YOUR OWN, AMARA!

THESE FOX-SHARKS, I DUNNO...

TAP

© GP '97

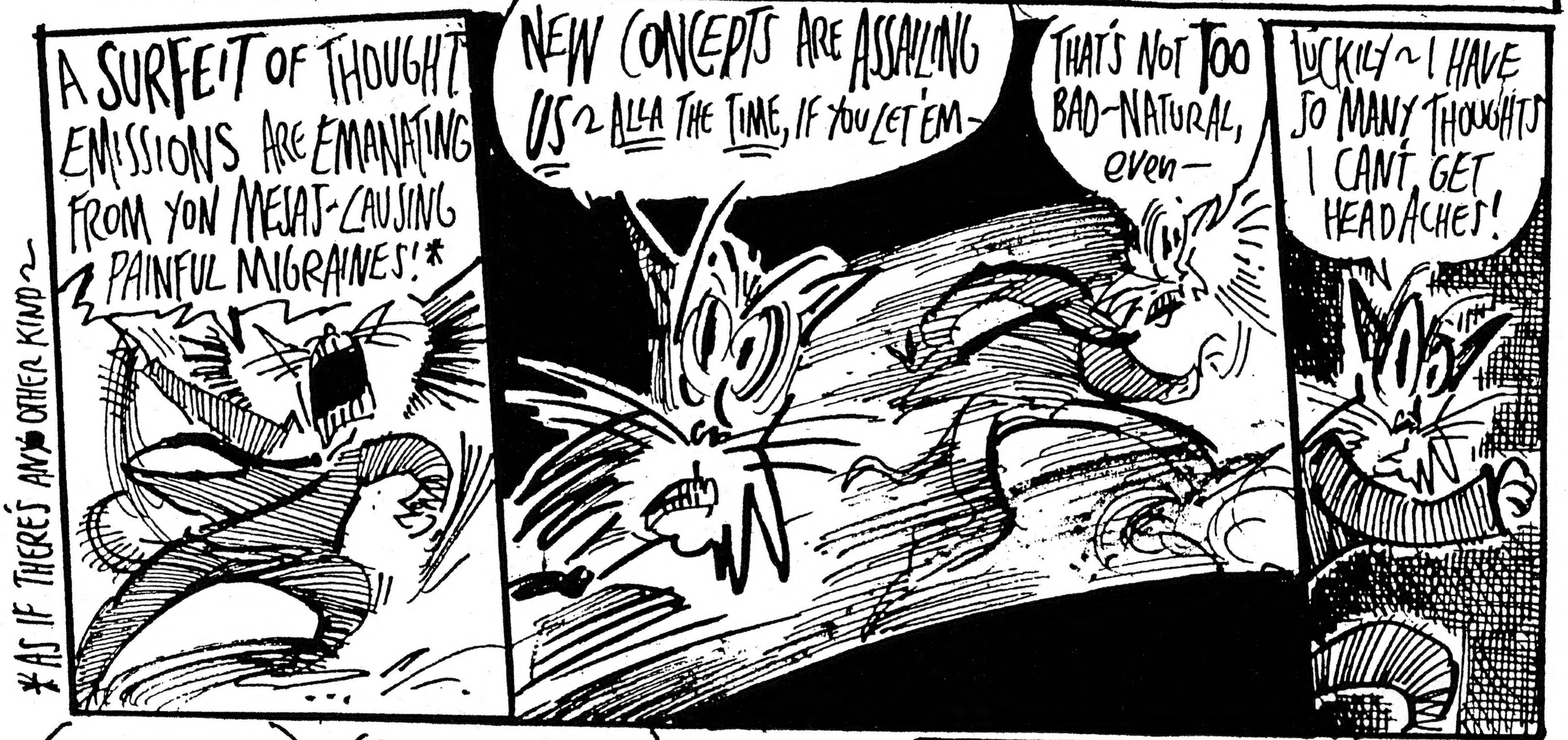
FOX-SHARK ©1997 A. PRONOVOST
USED WITH PERMISSION. GNAR!

GRATUITOUS WEIRD STRESS KITTENS #2 ~ SOMEHOW, MEANWHILE, AT THIS POINT ~

KAFKA W·S·K· IS HIGHTAILING <geddit?> ACROSS MONUMENT VALLEY~ PLACE OF MANY FILMED WESTERN MESAS~

<DON'T ASK WHY - JUST DEAL WITH IT - GODDAM QUESTIONING YUTZ>







Kangaroo Court

Issue 8

May 1997

Letters

South Fur Lands
36–40 Short Street
Boronia Heights QLD 4124
Australia
laine@gil.com.au

Dear Jason:

I got the copy of *South Fur Lands* #7, and enjoyed it hugely. The cover was cute and saucy and nicely put together. The kitty in skimpies on the editorial page flipping the reader off was very nicely executed: sexy, with an attitude. Richard Harris and Amy Pronovost have very nice, very strong styles, unique to themselves, very crisp and clear. Marco Morales pin-up art has a fairly generic "Antarctic Press" style—but his strip work is quite subtle, conveying vast amounts on information with the very least of line-work. Grant Preston is good at pin-ups or single-frame pictures that tell a story; he works a lot of drama into his pictures. Terry Knight does a very nice single-page multi-panel strip, which is one of the hardest things in all of comics! Rommel Ignacio's pin-up of the foxes a-kissin' is a pip: *very* nice work on the stippling, a shading effect which is a real bunger to get right. (My sister says: put on the tv, turn your brain off, and go dot-happy!) Bernard Doove can draw humans and furries, which is a heck of a trick: not easy! Gerard Ashworth's weird, angular, Howarthian eye-manglers are—ah—economical, and quite evocative. I liked the story of the quote in the ruins. (I agree with the quote, too...) And David James' back cover was classy, too. Run, dude, run! (Nice use of solid blacks, an inking technique I can't do. I'm still working on it...)

Hope my comments haven't set anyone's fur on fire! Thanks for re-printing my old odd notions. Looking back, I'm a little embarrassed by the complexity of the pseudo-academic prose. I could'a been a bit more informal, and gotten my point across better.

Jefferson Swycaffer

Dear guys (deer guys?)

Hey, just thought I'd drop some lines (and a few bucks) your way. Met one of you at *OzCon* and bought *SFL* issues one through to three after the panel discussion on censorship after I spotted the *SFL* T-shirt. Can't remember your name—sorry! You were a lot less furry than the pictures of you in the strip on *OzCon* 4 in *SFL* #1, so that wasn't much use! (I always remember the names of animals much easier than humans, and I usually prefer the company of animals to most humans as well. They're easier to communicate with for a start. We've got 2 cats, a dog, a goat, several fish, a scorpion, and a possum being rehabilitated for release at home right now. About a dozen wild Sulphur Crested cockatoos fly in for a feed every day). Next time, dress up as a mouse or cat (whichever your alter ego is) and I'll remember you for sure.

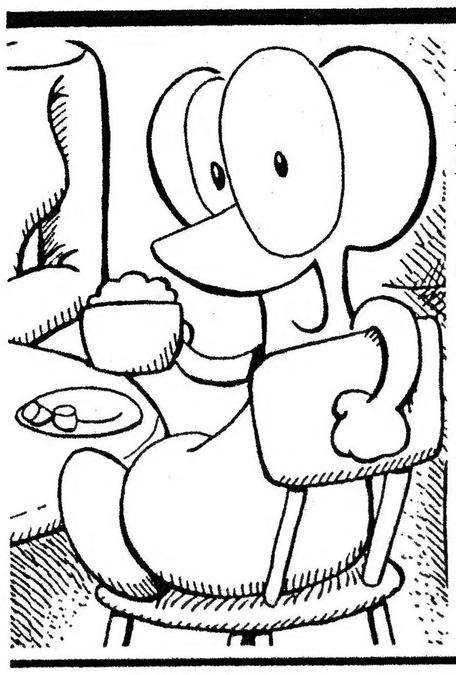
As for *SFL* itself—it was a bit rough, but I've yet to see the fledgling fanzine that wasn't. I should've bought issues one and two and the latest so I could get, a proper overview of where you've been and where you're going. Here's the money for the latest issue as well as the first *Sex and Violence Supplement*—hope the prices haven't gone up or anything. If they have, send the latest and credit the rest to future subscriptions.

Okay—time for the usual "I've been a furry fan for years but never realised" story. I've been a furry fan for years, but never realised! Gee, that was shorter than I expected it to be. Okay, you've heard it all before, but here's the long version (in point form): Learnt to read with Donald Duck. First seriously collected comic = *Captain Carrot and his Amazing Zoo Crew*. Graduated to other comics but kept returning to Donald. Moderate fan of the *original Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* (not the crap cartoon or the crap Image versions). Discovered Gerard Ashworth's *Weird Stress Kittens* fairly late, but correspond regularly with him now. Developed craze for fantasy comics, one of my most favourite being Vicky Wyman's *Xanadu*. Big fan of Japanese animé and all that entails. Read all the *Hepcats* and *Cerebus* I can get my hands on, and now get my letters published regularly in *Greener Pastures*. That's about it—borderline furry fan.

As for my own comic activities, they haven't been furry-related, but I'll tell you anyway so you know what I'm up to: I'm a regular reviewer for *Comic Edge!* magazine

Continued on page 19...

Peddling their Wares...



Are you looking for a book with genuine laugh-out-loud comic material combined with fine storytelling? Then *Brunswick—The Complete and Utter Rat* is for you! Join Brunswick as he progresses from being a University strip rodent to becoming Prime Minister of New Zealand. This is truly a comic book not to be missed. Send $11.00 in New Zealand currency to the address below for Brunswick's collected adventures. You'll be glad you did.

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Brooklyn, Wellington
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What is *Rabid Woof*? Rabid, Woof, and the others live in a bizarre world, where human life has become extinct, and has been replaced by animal life. These animals have progressively grown much like the human race.

Rabid and Woof live together in a run-down flat amidst the scuttle of Poodleburn. Their relationship is highly volatile. Their purpose is unknown.

Want to know more? Contact:

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13/29 Norton Summit Road
Woodforde SA 5072
Australia
phone (08) 8364 2170 or
mobile 0414 466 192



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Stone broke? Then submit material for publication! All artwork and text of a page or more that we use earns the creator a *free copy* of the issue in which it appears. Text submissions are preferred in **standard ASCII,** either on 3½ inch disk in Macintosh or DOS formats or via email to the address below. Artwork should include a 15 mm border on all sides. Good quality photocopies of completed inked works only, please. All full page submissions should include a brief abstract explaining the piece, or the inspiration that went into it. Electronic submissions of artwork may be in any major file format, but must be at *at least* 300 dpi resolution. Submissions of cover art are also welcome.

Write to:

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Check out our new revamped *South Fur Lands* homepage with all the information you need at:
http://student.uq.edu.au/~s160289/SouthFurLands/

FLAP
FLAP

WON'T SNORTY GET MAD ABOUT ALL THESE "WINDOW BREAKING" PICS?

NAH - HE'S GOT A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOUR...

HEY - DO YOU HEAR FLAPPING?

©TP '97

"PAYBACK"